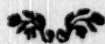


THE
FLAGELLANT.



WAGGON

THE
FLAGELLANT.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR;
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CHICAGO

THE FLAGELLANT.

N^o. I.

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1792.

IF this undertaking was the first of its kind, I should begin by paving and making straight the way in the Wilderness; in plain English, I should torment those who are pleased to notice me with what is commonly called A FIRST PAPER: the rueful length of my face, derived from my timidity, would communicate itself to my apology; I should wear my own ingenuity to a thread, and fret away the

patience of my reader. To avoid which,
without any preface, *me voici*

The Flagellant,

Avowedly written by WESTMINSTER BOYS,

IT is not of very great moment to know the merits or demerits of the order of beings to which I belong, and whose name I bear. The Abbé Boileau, a Doctor of the Sorbonne, gave himself the trouble to write its history; and SOMEBODY, who is not a Doctor of the Sorbonne, wrote annotations on that history. Any body is at liberty to read them both; the learned Divine is very vehement in his assertions, that the Flagellants had their name from the discipline they inflicted on themselves; the erudite Critic is rather sceptic; for my own part, I shall not pretend that either I or my three colleagues have ever stuck
very

very closely to the rules of the primitive institution: and as *Flagellant* will equally imply a lashing of others, as well as self-inflicted penance, I shall take it in the most general sense; and so, Ladies and Gentlemen, you behold me ready to scourge the VICES and FOLLIES of every one that shall come within the length of my whip. Nor is this by any means partial; for why need we who can have flagellation so cheaply and easily ever trouble ourselves to administer it. I would, therefore, be understood, that the Conductors of THIS PAPER are rather dispensors than receivers of discipline (at least from their own hands). I will make no secret of our number or names, though, all things considered, the latter may be ludicrous. Ye Severe Ones what think ye of

ST. PETER THE HERMIT,
ST. BASIL,
ST. PARDULPH, and
GUALBERTUS?

A 3

These

These are our names, this is our number, our ages ——; but there I must stop. Be content that from under this disguise we acquit ourselves of the engagements with which we are bound; lest by searching too far more might be discovered than would be pleasing to us; lest prejudice steal in between our grave saws and conviction; and rob us of our credit, because our persons and experience are confined within the same walls. And here it may be necessary to vindicate our boldness in dictating, and our presumption in giving, a voice in the presence of our elders.— Many there are, whose heads no more enlarged than their hearts, think nothing but the effusions of an aged brain worth notice, nothing sense but the practice of cunning. If so, the first of these we shall be happy to profit by, and the second we shall be content to observe, and use it as experience. But the ground on which such Wise Ones lay the foundation of their opinions, is itself false.

Even

Even in our own circles, amongst ourselves, how many, how various, are the dispositions, tempers, and characters! Here the Grandison and the Lovelace, the Stukely and the Allworthy, exert their powers in embryo. Here may be seen a Hampden struggling against tyranny, a Cromwell unstained with slaughter. Here some gem of purest ray illumines the neighbouring objects, while a Cæsar or a Cato, without the vices of the one, or an opportunity for the virtues of the other, foretel their future achievements. With such a fund, how can we fail? Why may we not, profiting by the boasted "experience" of our worthy Critics, swell the size both of the persons and dispositions of our subjects? Let it not, therefore, be conceived that our want of "a face royal" shall impair our penetration—at worst we can but mimic; and when it is considered that all the world is mimicry, our fault will not be so very heinous. I will conceive this

to be apology sufficient for our temerity, and proceed : —

OUR characters thus in masquerade will be able to lash ; and from our assumed situation, we shall come to the knowledge of secrets which would otherwise perish in their birth. We may with more propriety in this character inflict penances : and while ourselves are guilty of slight deviations, affect the manners and rigor of decorum. How oddly will it sound, that whilst St. Basil was writing an essay on moderation, he beat his fag for unwittingly treading on his toes ? *Risum teneatis* when you may hear that the demure St. Peter, St. Peter, even the Hermit, underwent a castigation for overturning an apple-stall ; or while setting forth the marvellous effects of mortification, was caught at supper on a beef-steak and porter !

Thus ingenuously do I confess the failings of myself and brethren : thus do I draw aside
the

the veil, and demolish the mysterious concealment. I shall therefore think I have no very bad right, after developing my own, to scourge the follies of those who fall under my notice.

To those who will condescend to ask my advice, I will condescend to give it: to those who will kindly admonish me, I will thankfully lend an ear. I expect credit when I say I write more for amusement and instruction than for gain or fame. Unknown, unknowing, my fame will run but little risk; and if my endeavours fail, I shall sink like a dull meteor to my first obscurity.

Thus, perhaps, if I do not provoke the envy, I shall escape the malignity, of the Critic: of the first I am sure, for the latter I hope. I shall not, I trust, be obliged to say with the child in Canidia's Incantation,

Per "*hoc inane purpuræ decus precor.*"

Some

Some lenity may be shewn to our nonage :
and while we wear the motto “ *Spectemur
ab annis,*” on our breasts, I hope we shall
pass through all ranks without molestation,
and at the same time not incur contempt.

WE have only to add, that any Communi-
cations directed *To St. Peter the Hermit, at the
Military Library, opposite the Admiralty,* will
be thankfully received.

DEAN'S YARD.



SUPER-

SUPERSTITION.

WRITTEN IN THE RUINS OF AN ABBEY.

WHERE Ruin's hand in these time-honour'd walls
Leaves the faint traces of the long-drawn aisle,
The eye of Contemplation oft recalls
The former tenants of the mould'ring pile.

'Twas here, secluded in a lone retreat,
Wrapt in a cowl inactive Science lay,
And only taught the erring throng deceit,
Nor lent the wand'ring crowd one guiding ray.

But ye are fallen from your lofty state
Whence erst ye sped your thunders o'er the world;
Whence erst, dire herald of a curst fate,
The excommunicative bull was hurl'd.

Yet

Yet ye are fallen — we no longer fear
 The torturing rack, the agonizing wheel;
 No other Cranmer will require a tear;
 No other martyr's loss shall Britain feel.

In former times, to bigot Zeal a prey,
 The various realms of Europe's state were torn,
 Where Superstition's banners wav'd the way,
 Oppressive princes rush'd o'er fields forlorn.

Yet still superior to this martial world,
 A lazy Potentate in purple state,
 The three-crown'd Priest of persecution, hurl'd
 His verbal thunders as the voice of Fate.

E'en kings obedient heard his dire commands;
 Henry, to expiate another's deed,
 Bow'd to the priest's inexorable hands,
 As the tyrannic pontiff had decreed.

Such was their pride—but see, in deeper dye,
 Their hellish cruelty, th' accursed blot
 Which strikes confusion to the Christian eye
 To see each precept of his God forgot.

A brutal

A brutal merriment prevails o'er all,
 When mindful of his wife's endearing charms,
 The youthful Edwy quits the echoing hall,
 And clasps his lov'd Egiva in his arms.

But, Dunstan, see, fill'd with malicious joy,
 He tears the object of his sovereign's love;
 With envious flames her beauty to destroy,
 Beauty but equall'd by the faints above.

Vain thought! — again returning beauty charms,
 A death of torments expiates the crime;
 And Edwy, flying from rebellious arms,
 Is doom'd to perish in a foreign clime.

O barbarous days! — but see a later age,
 When Reason had diffus'd a cheering ray,
 Say, could it calm the furious bigot's rage?
 Or make him his Redeemer's words obey?

Behold the wretch, whom fierce misguided zeal
 Has doom'd to prove the life-exhausting fire,
 Or fix'd upon the agonizing wheel
 In long and ling'ring torments to expire.

Ask we the wretch's crimes — Say, has he try'd
 To unrestrain'd authority to soar?
 Say, has he dar'd his Saviour to deride?
 Or stain'd his poignard in paternal gore?

No—he was ever humble, meek, resign'd:
 Mankind he ne'er attempted to enslave;
 Religious ardor ever fill'd his mind,
 No friend — no parent ow'd to him a grave.

He follow'd Luther! therefore must he prove
 The slowly rising fire, the racking wheel;
 Yet shall he die in his Redeemer's love
 The hapless victim of a glorious zeal.

Him, whose delight is peace and general rest,
 In strife to worship and in blood revere!
 Vain thought! his altar is a contrite breast;
 His noblest incense a repentant tear.

Is this the land, is this the Latian plain
 Where Junius conquer'd, and where Junius bled?
 Where Scipio strew'd the field with hostile slain?
 And Brutus sent the robber to the dead?

Is this the land where Maro struck the lyre?
 Where Horace bade the lyric glories rise?
 Where Tully hurl'd his patriotic ire,
 And bar'd a villain's guilt to Roman eyes?

O sad reverse! behold the iron rod
 Of Superstition keep that realm in awe:
 All there despise the mandates of their God,
 Though all would seem to venerate his law.



In the land where Man's track the great
 Where the Lord the living spirit shed
 And the Virgin's gift to Roman sent



O! let us see! behold the hour of
 Of which we keep the feast in awe
 All that the world the miracle of God
 Though all would seem to witness the day



Nº. II.

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LONDON:

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T. AND J. ROBERTSON, NEAR WHITEHALL.

M DCC XCH.

ST. PETER returns many thanks to O. C,
for his obliging hints.

Philanthropus shall be considered,

Veritas is received.

THE FLAGELLANT.

Nº. II.

THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1792.

Mibi res subjungere conor.——HOR.

ACCIDENTS sometimes happen which demand an immediate decision ; the crisis of a fever, or the humor of a Prince, are moments of the utmost value to the existence and well-being of many men. It often happens that opportunity alone is wanting to compleat the greatest purposes, and that opportunity must be watched and struck at

B

with

with the vigilance and quickness of a harpooner. "Rape horam," is one of the most useful maxims that the best proverbialist ever wrote; every thing depends on it; order exists by that alone, opportunity and well-timed judgment being the foundation of all things. Society is indebted to it as its first and best law: and whether we take it in an enlarged or a contracted sense, it is of equal proportionate value; without it a General is of little use in the management of his troops. The ship would strike on a rock, did not the pilot watch and profit by the frequent and sudden changes of the wind. In how vague and ungoverned a stream would conversation flow, were not proper occasions seized for the introduction of those flashes of wit and those little eminences (if the expression may be allowed) which variegate it: how flat and uninteresting would it become, was not this attended to!

Opportunity must be watched and struck at

" IF chastity had been the virtue of Helen, or incontinence the vice of Lucretia," says Pope, " where would have been known the bravery of Achilles, or the patriotism of Decius Brutus ?—Alike must they have remained in the dark recess of oblivion, unrecorded by the poet, unheard of by posterity."

WAS it not " Si parva licet componere magnis," for " golden opportunity," this paper had not existed, Holy Basil had not become a Flagellant ! for it is rather a singular circumstance, that while myself and my brethren meditated 'publication, that an incident should fall out so fortunate to our plan, so consonant to our wishes !

Know then, gentle reader, that after a variety of incidents, after a long separation, and after experiencing all the vicissitudes of fortune, Fate had decreed the friends to meet, where, when, or how, it matters not at present to enquire.

IN a certain unfrequented region, distant from any town or village, stand the solitary mountains: woods coeval with them, spread around in rank luxuriance, whose deep and impervious gloom seems to court the beholder to an awful and religious melancholy: a river winds amongst them, and the rocks that lift their stupendous heads, as if to threat the sky, increase the variety and grandeur of the scene. Chance first led me to the spot; enamoured with its wild romantic beauties, I wandered till the approach of night alarmed me with the idea of passing it on this uninhabited place; I accordingly quickened my pace, and, having resolved to cross the hills, proceeded—Conceive my surprise, when in a vale, surrounded by the mountains, I perceived the moonbeams glimmer on the antique turrets of an old and Gothic building.

A KIND of solemn dread at first detained me; but curiosity prevailed, and I approached.

proached. The pile was large, and appeared to have withstood the ravages of time for many a century: the screech owl hooted from its towers, and the lonesome bat flitted his plumeless wings around: the porch was but little worn by the foot of the traveller; weeds, and the high grass that almost concealed its stones from view, proclaimed how long it had lain in obscurity: the painted windows still remained entire; but there, too, the hand of time was visible; for the hoar moss, and the lonely grass, "had rooted itself at ease" in indolent luxury. By the light of the moon I discovered over the gateway, carved in an uncouth manner, a large rod; and had I not had some acquaintance with the original, I should not thus easily have recognized the effigy.

THE truth immediately struck me: from the magnitude and state of the building, I was satisfied it had been a monastery; and this well-known emblem convinced me that

it had formerly belonged to that austere sect that distinguished itself by the name of the Flagellants: the wind blew bleakly along; and after having marked the spot, as well as the time of night would permit, I proceeded on my journey.

I COMMUNICATED my discovery to my friends: struck with the description, they resolved to visit it; and should the monastery be found habitable, there to fix their residence: We accordingly proceeded, and reached the mountains about mid-day: with some difficulty we found the spot; but, to confess the truth, my companions seemed more struck at the well-known emblem that decorated the gate, than even with the solemn gloom which reigned around.

THE door creaked heavily on its rusted hinges, and we entered what appeared to have been the hall: a bench of firm old oak had stood the ravages of time; it was the only one; for the society had not been very numerous:

numerous : in the middle hung, as the “ Di Penates,” the badge of it ; we cast one look at it, and, proceeding through a door that opened to the western part of the pile, entered a long passage with apartments on each side ; part of the massy old furniture still remained ; the roof was entire ; and upon the whole, every circumstance appeared well adapted for retirement and convenience.

IN the hey-day of youth, the space of time between the thought and the act is seldom of long duration ; a quick decision, if not a mature judgment, is a general concomitant of a young and vigorous mind. Peter, struck equally with myself by the romantic beauties of the place, suggested the proposal of modernizing the inside of the edifice ; of making it fit for residence ; and, in short, to disguise the Westminster boys under the cowl of Flagellants !

To be brief, we furnished the monastery in a manner which, perhaps, betrayed too

much of what we really were. In wandering through the various apartments, our eyes were struck with a variety of unusual objects: long broad benches were fastened to the walls; which, from the root of a tree, or sometimes a bag of rusty iron, We conjectured to have been the beds of the worthy Fathers. An observation often quoted then struck me, “Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis,” and God forbid it should be otherwise; for who, in these refined days, would think of sleeping, or rather lying down on bare boards? Whatever might have been the motive for our predecessors thus mortifying themselves, We could not, though each ran through the catalogue of his own sins, discover ONE worthy of so severe and strange a custom: all hands were therefore called to work; and these vestiges of ignorance and barbarism quickly gave way to those more easy and polished articles of household furniture, known by
the

the name of down beds ; and I will take upon me to argue this with any doctor of the old church, be he ever so rigid or ever so ignorant ; for who would think himself able to connect his ideas for prayer, when his occiput should happen to be in contact with a rusty nail or a long screw ? How could he call himself at rest, when warts and callosities, on all prominent parts of his body, were produced by the hardness of the couch, and the repetition of his nocturnal mortifications ? “ Vivitur parvo bene ;” if he could enjoy content with this—and without content, let him not trouble himself to talk of religion.

THE next deviation from the rules of the order, I know not whether I can so well excuse ; it was the importation of a waggon-load of wine to fortify the *inner man*.

OUR last transgression, “ though last not least,” was concerning the very material article of castigation ; and here, O ye disciplinarians, do I, a Flagellant, tremble at the
uplifted

uplifted lash of your disapprobation : yet permit me, at least, to attempt to exculpate myself and brethren from the charge of herodoxy.

I SEE but one objection to Peter's proposal (said Gualbertus); it is that ensign of despotic cruelty which you there behold hung up in terrorem ; the idea of that, I own, disheartens me ; exercise of that sort never had any charms for me ; and as too great abundance frequently produces a surfeit, I certainly could not approve of voluntarily undergoing so disagreeable an operation ; but as my reverend brother, St. Peter, has already expatiated upon the subject, and informed the world in what sense we are become Flagellants, I may save myself farther trouble, and proceed to describe our society.

ST. PETER the Hermit is by no means of that austere and misanthropic temper, which, in former times, was the characteristic of the gloomy anchorite : though secluded

cluded amongst the solitary mountains, in the melancholy vale, he retires not there to fly the pleasures of society, but to enjoy the company and conversation of his select brethren, and to devote his time to the service of the world : he has been heard to say that Simon Stylites would have been far better employed in following the plough, his primary occupation, than in making antics on the high pillar, to amuse the spectators, like a mountebank's Merry Andrew, at Bartholomew Fair. His stature is rather above the common size ; his face penetrating and commanding, with a look of severity, which seems to inspire respect and awe into every beholder ; yet so far is he from having imbibed the rigid superstition of an hermit, that he expressed as much pleasure at the conversion of a dungeon of the monastery into a wine-cellar, as if it had been a proselyte. I appeal to the Critic, whether or no, as in that case, the change be for the worse?

THE

THE character of St. Pardulph is rather more marked by severity of manners ; and he consequently conforms more to the customs of the ancient Flagellants ; according to which, the beard of Pardulph, IF HE HAS ONE, is profaned by no razor ; nor can he even be prevailed on to allow his head a comb ; a sackcloth garment covers his limbs ; and frequently does he prefer a walk in the solitary cloister, at the midnight hour, to all the allurements of rest and a feather-bed ; but these traits in his disposition are amply compensated by his profound wisdom. Such is his intense application to study, that in the coldest winter mornings he has been known to sit for hours, forgetful of his clothes, applying himself to his books, which, though he does not exclude other topics, chiefly consist of chemistry and devotion.

GUALBERTUS modestly refused the title of Saint, deeming himself unworthy of that exalted

alted dignity : “ I know my own temper too well,” says he, “ to accept of so venerable a title ; wavering and inconstant as I am, were my irresolute disposition to prompt me to forsake this society, how should I disgrace the title of Saint ! not that I insinuate any design to leave the monastery ; for as far as I can be answerable for my own mind, it is fully fixed upon remaining ; be you, therefore, who possess steady tempers, dignified with the titles of Saints and Hermits, but let me remain plain Brother Gualbertus.”

THERE was something so just in his objections, that we could not press the holy gentleman’s modesty ; though in so small and so select a society, it might be expected we should be all Saints. Of our brother’s disposition, little, after the account he himself has given, remains to be said : he is, as may be supposed, of a more lively turn than either of us ; yet, although rather younger in years, by no means so in wisdom ; had he
but

but sufficient stability, Brother Gualbertus would be the ornament of the order.

AND now that I have thus sketched the characters of my companions, it may naturally be expected I should say something of myself: yet strange as it may appear, though I had not modesty enough to refuse the honor of being fainted, I have too much to give any account of myself. "Nam mea me virtus, &c. conjunxere," would not sound quite so well from my own mouth; let, therefore, some one of my fraternity take this office upon himself, and give to the world a just account of

BASIL.

No, modest Basil; nor shalt thou want a pen to record thee; while yours trembles in your hand, let me snatch it, if by chance it may possess the elegance of its master, and communicate somewhat to a brother's production that shall not disgrace its former achievements.

achievements. Impartially, therefore, will I speak of Basil, with too much good humour to be illnatured, and too much sense to suffer it to degenerate into weakness; keen in satire, but with too much feeling to deal it indiscriminately; diversity of reading prevents a native melancholy fixing on him; and, possessing a discriminative taste and an elegant wit, he dares present himself to the public with a wish (and it is hoped not a presumptuous one) for success, in which he is no less sincerely joined by his Brother

PETER.

BE it known, therefore, to all nations, ranks, and degrees, that four Westminster, quitting the noise, the *dissipation* of Dean's Yard, have betaken themselves to this habitation, resolved to pursue their observations aloof from mankind, and form into "a band of

BROTHERS."

LETTERS and Communications addressed
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Library, Whitehall, will be attended to.

Nº. III.

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L O N D O N :

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THE FLAGELLANT.

Nº. III.

THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1792.

O Imitatores Servum Pecus!

THE attempt to follow or imitate the steps of any great man, is attended with so much danger and difficulty, that myself and my brethren are in continual perturbation lest we should be suspected of it, certain of failure in the enterprize. Every raw critic, eager to shew his penetration, would seize upon the smallest appearance of plagiarism, and draw the most unfavorable comparisons between

us and our supposed examples ; never thinking with Puff, in the Critic, that “ two people may hit on the same thought ;” anger and contempt would surely follow the disappointed search after novelty.

THE case is peculiarly hard with authors ; but perhaps not unjustly, in the lesser arts imitation is not only allowable, but tends to improve ; exact imitation is the highest pitch to which the laborious mechanic aspires : with us it is different. We must either colour our canvass anew, or hold that already painted in another light ; we must either strike out new ideas, or so clothe afresh those already in existence, that the resemblance cannot be traced : in short, novelty is the phantom so much sought, novelty is the phantom we must pursue.

MAN is defined to be a gregarious animal, both in habits, in disposition, and in understanding : where one leads, the rest follow ; and an implicit observation, rather than a discerning

discerning intellect, is made use of. Reason does not very frequently intermeddle with the common occurrences of life ; and for the general ease, it were better not to refine too far on them, as a great many little pleasures would be thereby lost.

IN large companies the maxim meets with most illustration ; opinions are uttered ; trifles are talked by the few, and swallowed by the number, without ever considering whether or no they are consistent with propriety. High, thoughtless spirits hurry us on ; assent or dissent is given ; we adopt and broach the notions of others, and search not for their agreement with, our own, or even for our own notions, on the subject.

It has often been the fate of an innocent man, to be the victim of some improbable flagitious tale, uttered by the mouth of folly, and devoured by the ear of credulity. Examine the story : is it possible it should be consistent with either truth or probability ?

Can such and such circumstances be combined and follow each other? if not, how cruel is it to listen to and propagate it! but it is the rage of imitation sweeps along, and allows not time for the voice of reason to gain an audience.

By the same rule, we see fashions followed, and modes of bodily decorations imitated, without respect to the age or person of those who adopt them. Sixteen and sixty differ but in AGE and INNOCENCE. The grave matron does not perceive how time has impaired her charms, but decks her faded bosom with the same snow-drop that seems to grow on the breast of the virgin: the dimpling smile, overgrown to a loud laugh, does but “mock it’s own grinning;” and pity it is, the years which have passed, seem only to have impaired the charms, without adding to the instruction of the object. What can be excited but disgust, when reason has so deserted her seat! when
 reverence

reverence and obedience are obliged to give way to contempt ; and custom, overpowering sense and better understanding, breaks down the barrier, and reduces the becoming sobriety of age to a level with the airy manners of youth !

BE the leg long or short, the neck thick or slender, each is equally disguised by the disproportionate length of the breeches, or the *conglomerated* folds of the muslin : propriety is never consulted here, the striped vest, the loose garment, and the cropped pate, are equal attendants on peer and the rubber, the squire and the stable-boy.

It is hardly to be credited, that the dispositions of mankind are as much the children of Imitation as their habits and fashions ; the consequence of the early education and first-instilled principles is well known. The notions received in infancy never wear off, as the game which ceases to divert, but is remembered with pleasure, will prove. Ha-

bit, always powerful, lays then the first stones of the future edifice; the impaled cockchafer or the liberated sparrow train the heart to cruelty or compassion, and give a relish for that vice or virtue, which is afterwards to curse or bless mankind. The ideas get into a track from whence they never depart, and the shackled understanding, ignorant of the weakness of its chains, dares not attempt to break them.

AMONGST the lower part of mankind, witches and spirits still hold their ancient sway, and a fear imbibed in childhood grows on the mind's imbecility, and gains strength as it weakens the Deity within us.—“Fortes creantur fortibus”—the manners of the father form the heart of the child; and these, vicious or virtuous, godlike or diabolical, assume the greatest share in the conduct of the hereafter man—all the future actions may be deduced from these first principles. Many a worthy 'squire has been constrained to fell
his

his paternal timber, from the mere circumstance of owing his education to the precincts of the stable ; and, because the groom forsooth and the jockey have confounded his ideas of profusion and liberality, and taught him to mistake ostentation for pride, has stooped to meanness and misery. After so praise-worthy and enviable an education, the chicanery of the turf is the only notion his intellects are capable of conceiving, and these seldom quit him, till he has gone so far as to render either retrenchment or reflection of little use : his ideas can bear no other impression, while there is a possibility of gratifying his weakness ; and the only change they undergo, is when ruin stares him in the face, and takes a fuller possession of them.

WITH this character, it is not a natural incapacity or stupidity that deprives society of a useful member ; it is not that he is physically unable to direct his thoughts to any thing more useful, more elegant :—at five
years

years old he adopts, as strong or stronger than his creed, the principles and maxims of those, whom, at five and twenty, his sense would spurn, and his understanding laugh at.

Look into the Theatre — how few are there with sufficient judgement when to applaud or when express their disapprobation !

I HAVE seen many on the point of rewarding the merit of a performer, but have suddenly changed their intentions from the motion of their next neighbours, whom they observe as for a watch-word, and who himself perhaps takes similar instructions from the person on his right or left hand.

OUGHT the actor to be proud of such applause ? ought he to be grieved for such disapprobation ?

I HAVE had the good luck to receive this week a couple of letters that will help to illustrate what I have been endeavouring to set forth. As they come from ladies, they
meet

meet with my earliest and most grateful attention.

“ BLESSED St. Peter, what do you
 “ think? You must know, Aunt Rachel
 “ has sent me to a boarding-school for these
 “ two years past, where I have learnt music,
 “ Italian, and dancing. Well, last Christ-
 “ mas, I was sent for home, to be *exhibited*
 “ to the good folks in our part of the coun-
 “ try; and I hope you will not oblige me
 “ to do a very, very heavy penance, for a
 “ *bouncer*, if I say I am to-le-rab-ly hand-
 “ some; this, my glass, as well as half a
 “ dozen whining ideots, every day tells me,
 “ and so I wont be very squeamish about
 “ the matter. But, however, the other day,
 “ poor Aunt sprained her instep (which, by
 “ the bye, is big enough to be stronger) in
 “ imitating my rigadón step; I would have
 “ been grave about it, if I could: since that,
 “ her laces have been cut, on account of a
 “ violent fit of coughing, brought on by
 “ straining

“ straining her voice up to the F. in alt, on
 “ my harpsichord ; all this might have passed
 “ off ; but do you know, holy Papa, she
 “ almost effected a rupture, by attempting
 “ to *fit* my girdle before a room full of com-
 “ pany ; and had not the mischief fallen on
 “ that article of my dress, she would cer-
 “ tainly have become the victim of her own
 “ vanity : all this she does, because folks
 “ say it is very becoming in me. Do, my
 “ good, old, beardless sage, teach her the
 “ difference, and you will oblige yours (if
 “ you really are an Anchorite)

“ GELASTE !!”

“ SO conversant as St. Peter must have
 “ been in the affairs of the world, I cannot
 “ resist the temptation of requiring his as-
 “ sistance. Know then, good Sir, that I
 “ have, for some time, felt a violent pro-
 “ penfity towards novel writing ; but have
 “ never proceeded above fifty pages in my
 work,

“ work, when I have discovered that some
 “ one has been before-hand with me, and
 “ stolen my ideas: now, as it is a difficult
 “ thing to sit down and compose new ones,
 “ I should be obliged to you if you will tell
 “ me some secret by which I may come at
 “ them more easily.

“ I am yours,

“ With respect,

“ EUPHEMIA!”

FAVETE LINGUIS! Let Mrs. Rachel endeavour to walk slowly; to sing not at all; and if she must wear a girdle, let it be that of Venus, the only substitute for the goddess herself.

IF the second of my correspondents will observe nature, and write it, she will differ from almost all the novelists that ever favored the public,

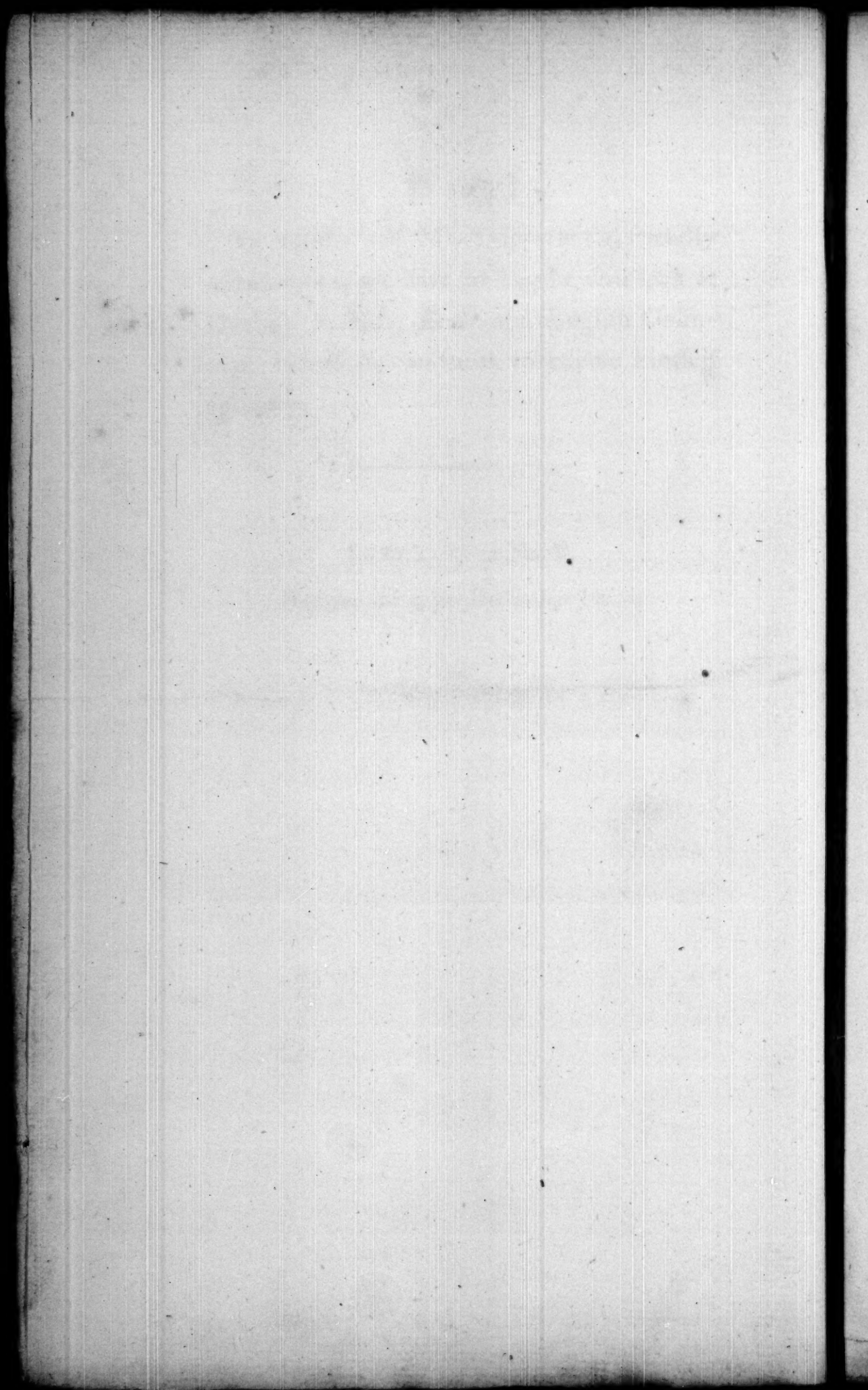
P. H.

IN

IN return for Mr. Dapperwit's friendly admonitions, we have to beg he will look at Dyche's Spelling Book and English Grammar, before he ventures to expose himself again.

ERRATUM in No. II.

Page 21, line 5, for Decius lege Junius.



Nº. IV.

THE

FLAGELLANT.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHORS;

AND SOLD BY

T. AND J. EGERTON, NEAR WHITEHALL.

M DCC XCH.

WE thank "GENTLE READERS" for
the *attention* with which they have read our
first and second papers.

LETTERS and Communications addressed
(post-paid) *To St. Peter the Hermit, Military
Library, Whitehall*, will be attended to.

THEODOSIUS, FIDUCIUS, and an unsigned
Letter, are received.

THE FLAGELLANT.

Nº. IV.

THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1792.

IT has often given me pain to see an advertisement from an elderly lady for some young woman of genteel appearance and good connections; I cannot help immediately figuring to myself innumerable flights and distresses, which the fair victim to ill-humour must undergo—a lower place at the table, a silent voice in conversation, and an unconsulted inclination, at all times are the concomitants of a *genteel situation*. Subject to every caprice of age, and all the insolence of

D

larger

larger fortune, she commutes for the degrading superiority of the parlour, the more happy, though certainly inferior, situation of the kitchen fire-side. I do not mean to say, that this state of dependence is always intolerable; it rests with the patroness to render it so; in general, they conceive the small stipend they allow as more than sufficient to repay all those little attentions, which they could not obtain from the hand of a common servant, and treat them with a contempt, which renders even more painful than it naturally is, the only station to which unprotected virtue can fly.

THOUGH the letter which I subjoin cannot claim equal pity with those *malheureuses* whom I have described, yet it will shew how very irksome to the meanest, most insensible, and most indolent mind, dependence is, and how painful, when, not talents but fortune, not merit but chance, gives the upper hand.

“ HOLY

“ HOLY PETER.

“ I HAVE long been searching
 “ for some means by which I may revenge
 “ myself on fortune, and make the public
 “ acquainted with those sort of grievances,
 “ against which the law has provided no re-
 “ medy ; be it known then to your sanctity,
 “ that I am one of that race of mortals, who
 “ may be said, in the justest sense of the
 “ word, to try to live ; I have all my life
 “ been aiming at independence, and am much
 “ afraid I shall waste the very best part of
 “ it in the most servile dependence, and,
 “ during the acquisition of a power of my
 “ own, submit to that of another.

“ My father was a gentleman of mode-
 “ rate fortune, which sufficed to keep him-
 “ self and our family in what is vulgarly called
 “ a genteel way ; but as this was not to
 “ last, and his treasures were to die with
 “ him, it was thought necessary that I should

D 2

“ try

“ try my fortune in the world : I was ac-
 “ cordingly sent at the age of twelve years
 “ to a school in the North Riding of York-
 “ shire. Here I soon found that I had none
 “ but myself to depend on : my father and
 “ friends at a distance would either have
 “ disregarded any complaints I had made,
 “ or could not have remedied them ; satis-
 “ fied, therefore, of this, I made it my bu-
 “ siness to say little, to observe much, to
 “ quarrel not at all. I soon discovered my
 “ master to be one of those beings who are
 “ governed entirely by passion and prejudice,
 “ of a temper tyrannical, and violent ; sel-
 “ dom right, but angry if not thought, or
 “ at least confessed, to be so. I had but one
 “ way of gaining his favor, to buy it I de-
 “ spaired, as any pecuniary present was as
 “ far from my father’s ideas as my mas-
 “ ter’s pocket.

“ I STUDIED, I observed every whim and
 “ every turn of humor, and by habit soon

“ ac-

“ accommodated myself to it : did he drop
 “ the dreadful instrument of his office, I
 “ was the first to pick it up, and though I
 “ delivered it perhaps to strike myself, I
 “ never suffered my feelings or passions to
 “ overpower my reason, and tempt me to
 “ forget my duty ;—did he grant a holiday,
 “ I was the first to thank him, and enhance
 “ the value of the indulgence ;—did he exert
 “ his misconceived authority, I was the first
 “ to justify him to my playmates. This
 “ obsequious attention to my master’s will
 “ would certainly have involved any other
 “ boy than myself in the most disagreeable
 “ circumstances. I should have incurred
 “ the contempt and hatred of all my friends
 “ of my own age, had I not managed so
 “ prudently as to unite the two interests. I
 “ was able and ready to play at every game,
 “ and with every boy, and my easy temper
 “ made me, if not beloved, at least tolerated,
 “ by all. After applying diligently for five

“ years, I was sent for home, and thought
 “ by those who looked with partial eyes, to
 “ be very much accomplished. My figure,
 “ on coming to town, was somewhat awkward;
 “ a stiff hat, stiff coat, stiff leather
 “ breeches, and shoes that would not even
 “ accommodate themselves to the foot that
 “ wore them, composed a dress, notwithstanding
 “ which I was not abashed at my
 “ first entrance into a room full of company,
 “ but joined and promoted the laugh
 “ against my own person; this was conceived
 “ to be an unparalleled piece of
 “ good-nature and readiness in a boy of seventeen,
 “ and recommended me much to
 “ all the company, particularly to the antiquated
 “ cousin of a young peer. I was soon
 “ invited to attend her pleasure at home;
 “ and by flattering her will, and concealing
 “ my own, became a great favorite and frequent
 “ visitant to her. It was through this old lady’s
 “ influence, that I
 “ became

“ became a servitor at — College, Ox-
 “ ford; and though I had always subjected
 “ my pride to mortifications, it often here
 “ met with more than I could well put up
 “ with. I felt myself equally well educated,
 “ in point of abilities superior to most of
 “ those whom a silk gown and golden tassel
 “ marked for opulent dunces. The only
 “ time I ever shewed my feelings was, when
 “ a grave pedant, at the upper end of our
 “ hall, insisted on the servitors attending to
 “ the regular duties of a tavern-waiter. I
 “ could not conceal my indignation; but
 “ it taught me for the future to repress all
 “ particles of pride, and made me shudder
 “ at the danger I had been in. I now
 “ begun, more diligently than ever, to
 “ study mankind; I was always able, and
 “ always willing, to assist in the college
 “ exercises; wherever I went I was cautious
 “ in my conversation, not to argue too vio-
 “ lently, but to suffer my rival to gain a
 D 4 “ seeming

“ seeming victory ; I appeared to be con-
 “ vinced of the superior sense, when, in
 “ fact, it was only the power and fortune
 “ of my adversary vanquished me. By this
 “ behavior I recommended myself to the
 “ nobleman whose relation I mentioned in
 “ the beginning of my letter, a young man
 “ of singular turn, with much vanity, some
 “ abilities, and a greater share of levity than
 “ either. I became his constant, though
 “ humble, companion. I made it a point
 “ not to refuse any party of pleasure ; and
 “ though it frequently obtruded on our
 “ graver hours, I would not hazard the loss
 “ of the peer’s friendship for the sake of an
 “ admonition ; my advice to him would
 “ have given me the appearance of a spy,
 “ and as I was to thrive by his follies, it was
 “ not my interest to eradicate them.

“ I T was at his seat, on a shooting party,
 “ of which his lordship, (*and of course myself*)
 “ was very fond, that I stopped at a little
 “ neat

“ neat building, a few miles distant from the
 “ house. My noble friend, who was not
 “ destitute of good qualities, made me remark
 “ it; it belonged to a superior and faithful
 “ domestic of his father’s, who had be-
 “ queathed him this mansion and an an-
 “ nuity sufficient to keep him easy: my
 “ admiration at the merits of the servant
 “ and the virtues of the master were di-
 “ vided, with now and then a sly glance at
 “ the high preservation in which they had
 “ descended to the son! When we entered
 “ we were greeted by a well looking man,
 “ of rather a large size, and full face; with
 “ much satisfaction he put before us a plain,
 “ but refreshing collation, which was praised
 “ by his lordship, and highly extolled by
 “ me. But above all this, I actually thought
 “ every thing had a doubly delicious flavor,
 “ from being placed on the table by the fair
 “ hand of the old gentleman’s daughter;
 “ even I, who had disregarded every thing
 “ but

“ but the means to make my fortune, was
 “ struck with her uncommon beauty ; and
 “ a violent conflict arose between interest
 “ and inclination, between love and avarice :
 “ this did not escape the notice of my pa-
 “ tron ; he rallied me on my passion for,
 “ but commended the object, and seemed to
 “ say that he would encourage it : I there-
 “ fore repeated my visits to the copse, and
 “ renewed my original practice of temper-
 “ studying. I discovered the father to be
 “ what is termed a *very honest fellow*, that is,
 “ he loved a bottle, a pipe, a good dinner,
 “ would not return evil for good, and always
 “ had five hundred pounds to lend a friend :
 “ but he had no great opinion of the under-
 “ standing or independence of women ; he
 “ had lived much with the old lord, with
 “ whom he had been in some measure brought
 “ up, and who having, as well as himself,
 “ become a widower early, he had been little
 “ used to, and of course had little respect
 “ for

“ for the fair sex. After having obtained a
 “ large share of his good graces I ventured
 “ to offer myself as his son-in-law ; the pro-
 “ posal was received better than I expected,
 “ and he gave me full permission to pay my
 “ addresses to his daughter ; I therefore be-
 “ gan to praise her work, to admire her
 “ drawings, and to listen attentively to her
 “ music ; but guess my surprize, when I
 “ appeared to her as a lover she desired me
 “ never more to mention it, and begged, if
 “ I really had the regard I professed for her,
 “ I would forget and conquer a passion she
 “ never could reward ; to cover my confu-
 “ sion, I retreated ; and at the next visit I
 “ paid found her in tears ; her father had
 “ perhaps passed the bounds of advice, and
 “ exerted his authority in this delicate situa-
 “ tion ; in short he had exacted a promise
 “ from her to admit my addresses ; I was a
 “ great deal eased by this, and sat down to
 “ gratify my friend with conversation. We

“ con-

“ continued over the bottle till night came
 “ on, and it was too late to return; while
 “ we were quietly engaged, I in uttering, and
 “ he in swallowing that which I had so
 “ much studied, an unusual noise disturbed
 “ us in a room above; I ran up stairs; the
 “ door was fastened, and I dared not shock
 “ the delicacy of my mistress by forcing it;
 “ however, upon a higher command, an
 “ iron crow was applied, and we discovered
 “ the empty chamber: a note left on the
 “ table cleared all the confusion. A young
 “ gentleman of merit had endeavoured, and
 “ succeeded, in pleasing the damsel; this
 “ she acquainted us with, with a hint to me
 “ that I should address the lady herself with
 “ whom I should next be smitten, and not
 “ leave the matter to her relations: if her
 “ father meant to make her happy, she
 “ begged he would permit *her* to point out
 “ the way, assuring him that any search for
 “ her would be unnecessary.

“ Soon

“ SOON after this I attended my patron
 “ to London, where I again paid my respects
 “ to his cousin ; she was delighted to see my
 “ altered appearance : I had acquired at Ox-
 “ ford a manner very superior to that which
 “ the air of Yorkshire would have bestowed,
 “ and having taken orders, my face had a
 “ round and pleasing appearance : though I
 “ had not forgotten my first love, I could
 “ not avoid seeing that the old lady was
 “ struck with me : I took care, however, not
 “ to observe it ; though when I found my
 “ lord and her on good terms I was not so
 “ shy ; but alas ! while endeavouring to pre-
 “ serve the favor of both, I was caught in
 “ the act of kneeling at my inamorata’s
 “ feet : the first idea with which my friend
 “ was possessed was, that I meant, by ingra-
 “ tiating myself, to rob him of a fortune he
 “ had always expected ; and a violent rup-
 “ ture ensued.—I made use of the lady to
 “ pacify him, and made some plausible ex-
 “ cuse

“ cuse for the attitude in which I was sur-
 “ prized; I even confessed an antipathy for
 “ my *worthy benefactress*, and pleaded my
 “ disappointed attachment in the country as
 “ sufficient to exclude any other; but here
 “ was the rock on which I split—my epistle
 “ was shewn, and I forfeited with the es-
 “ teem, the advantage of all my noble ac-
 “ quaintances.

“ SINCE this I have alternately attached
 “ myself to a bishop, a lord mayor, and an
 “ admiral, and to confess the truth, the last
 “ character shewed me more kindness than
 “ either of the others; for through him I
 “ had the honor and advantage of failing to
 “ the Cape of Good Hope: and though I
 “ derived no profit from this, I had the
 “ pleasing prospect of obtaining something
 “ when my friend received his *last promotion*!

“ THUS have I all my life been wading
 “ through difficulties, to gain what has been
 “ snatched from me at the moment of en-
 “ joyment,

“ joyment, and, by avoiding the open path,
“ I have been led into intricacies, whence I
“ could not disentangle myself. I am now
“ attending a great man’s levee, and through
“ the means of the secretary, hope ere long
“ to gain something: if you will permit me,
“ I will inform you of the rest of my for-
“ tune at some future period, till when,

“ I am your devoted

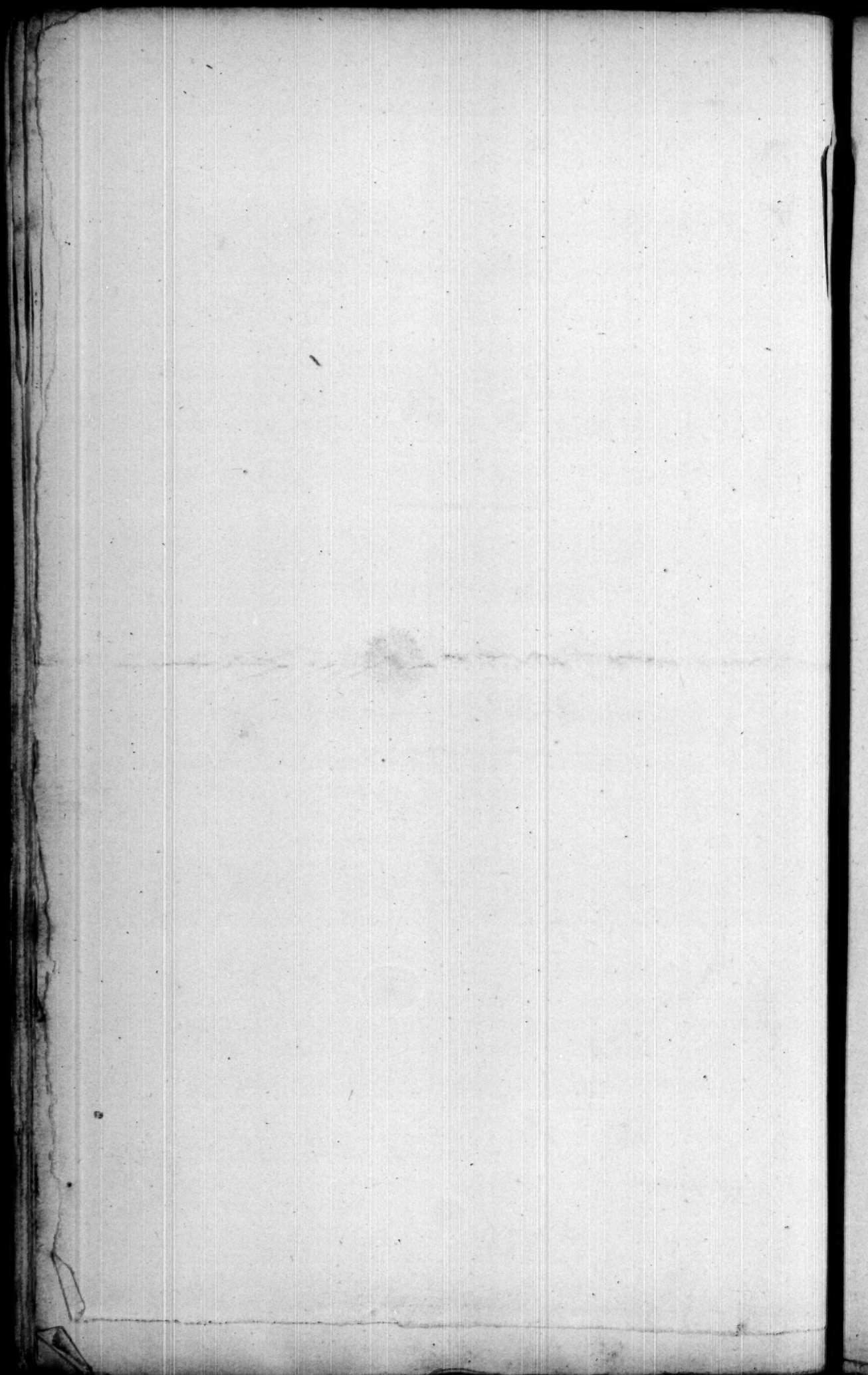
“ TIMOTHY FLEXIBLE.”

I AM happy to inform Mr. Flexible, that
whenever he will favor us with his commu-
nications we shall be proud to receive them,
but beg he will not have any thing to do
with the *secretary*..

P. H.

ERRATUM in No. III.

Page 46, line 12, *for* neighbours *lege* neighbour.



Nº. V.

**THE
FLAGELLANT.**

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHORS,

AND SOLD BY

T. AND J. EGERTON, NEAR WHITEHALL.

M DCC XCH.

"GENTLE READERS" are intitled to our
thanks and attention.

CASSANDRA's favor shall be early noticed.

WE are obliged to PHILALETHES for his
letter.

TIMOTHY TELLTRUTH shall be considered.

TITYRUS ALEXIS MARO MUGGINS shall
not be neglected.

CHARLES CONSTANT, B. S. and SCHOLAE
WESTMONASTERIENSIS QUONDAMALUMNUS
are received.

LETTERS and Communications addressed
(post-paid) *To St. Peter the Hermit, Military
Library, Whitehall*, will be attended to.

THE FLAGELLANT.

Nº. V.

THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1792.

HONOURED FATHERS,

“ PERMIT me, from a remote part of the country, to inform you
“ of the reception the Flagellant has met
“ with; the subject may perhaps compensate for the imperfect execution, and you
“ may perhaps pardon the errors of a school-boy, who wishes to be instructed. Know
“ then, holy brethren, that I am under the
“ care of Mr. Thawckum, a school-master,
“ whose hand is heavier even than his head,

E

“ and

“ and almost as hard as his heart. When
 “ first the news of your publication reached
 “ us, we sent for it to the next town, and
 “ were all busy in perusing the first number,
 “ when our pedagogue entered, and sternly
 “ demanded what trash we were wasting our
 “ time upon ? The name was mentioned :
 “ Give it to me, he cried ; I know the ab-
 “ surdity of these things well enough ; and
 “ immediately seizing the unfortunate paper,
 “ he thrust it into his pocket, exclaiming,
 “ Pretty times indeed, if boys are allowed
 “ to think for themselves !”

“ Now, reverend Flagellants, these words
 “ struck forcibly upon my mind, and I
 “ pondered them warily, till at last I con-
 “ cluded that boys *have* a right to think and
 “ judge what is proper for themselves ; and
 “ that the dread, should they exert the fa-
 “ culties of reason, that all the master’s ille-
 “ gal authority would be resisted, was the
 “ cause of Mr. Thwackum’s contumelious
 “ usage

“ usage of your production. I have often
 “ heard of the divine right of Kings, and by
 “ the bye, as often doubted; but I never yet
 “ heard of the divine right of *school-masters*.
 “ A school-master, as he ought to be, is a
 “ man, chosen by parents, on account of his
 “ superior wisdom, austerity, and modera-
 “ tion, to instruct their children: yet all
 “ that have ever fallen under my know-
 “ ledge, are illiterate, savage, and unrelent-
 “ ing. They endeavour, by discipline, to in-
 “ culcate the doctrine of passive obedience,
 “ enforce it by stripes, and sour the tempers,
 “ and break the spirit of their unfortunate
 “ subjects, who in their turn, exercise the
 “ same tyranny over their inferiors, till the
 “ hall of learning becomes only a seminary
 “ for brutality!”

“ CORPORAL PUNISHMENT appears to me
 “ to be a method equally disgraceful and in-
 “ effectual. It requires but a very little for-
 “ titude to disregard all the castigation a

“ master can bestow ; and if I may use my
 “ own observation, as by any means deci-
 “ five, the greatest dunces are generally the
 “ most able to endure their chastisement ; an
 “ affected whimper, and a fly kick at the
 “ *executioner* (if I may call the executive
 “ power by so harsh a name) constitute all
 “ their symptoms of amendment ; and now,
 “ since I am on the subject of flogging, per-
 “ mit me to mention a report which I have
 “ heard confidently affirmed, but whose ve-
 “ racity I very much doubt, that a certain
 “ royal and illustrious seminary, pays six-
 “ pence per quarter, to defray the expence
 “ of birch. Do, most holy Flagellants, let
 “ the lash of your displeasure fall upon
 “ tyranny ; expose in its proper colours, the
 “ brutality and absurdity of flogging, and
 “ you will confer a very great obligation
 “ upon

“ Your unfortunate correspondent,

“ THWACKEE.”

MR.

MR. THWACKEE's letter, as it treats of a grievance usual in all public schools, as well as private academies, demands some attention: I will therefore investigate the history of flogging, demonstrate its absurdity, and produce arguments why it should be entirely abolished!

OF all the arts either ornamental or useful to mankind, tradition has assigned the origin to the gods. Ceres taught agriculture; Apollo, music and poetry; and thus mortals were defrauded of the fame they had deserved, to aggrandize their deities. Tradition has handed down the memory of the bull of Phalaris; the bed of Procrustes still records his ingenious contrivance; and Christian historians have celebrated Nero as the inventor of a new method of saving the lamp-tax, by burning the unlucky Christians in pitch: but how has the inventor of flagellation been defrauded of his fame! no pen to record his ingenuity! Flogging is in

daily use; and yet, I doubt not but that every school-master will be ready to let the uplifted rod drop from his hand, when he hears that flogging was invented by the

DEVIL!!!

START not, gentle reader; retain thy anger, Mr. Thwackum; and if I do not prove the assertion, you may consign me and my work to that august personage. Before the altar of the Ærthian Diana, the Spartan boys were flagellated for hours, without mercy; and it was esteemed an act of piety to the gods, to undergo this ceremony without a tear, without shrinking; the same practice prevailed in Thrace; and we have the authority of Herodotus, that amongst the Egyptians, they celebrated the festival of the great goddess, by voluntarily flogging themselves. A long string of ancient names at the bottom of the page, might display my erudition, but neither
amuse

amuse nor instruct the reader ; suffice it to say (and in this public manner do I call upon all PROFESSORS of FLOGGING, if they can, to deny it) that the practice of flagellation was esteemed by the Heathens an act of piety. Now, who was the deity of all the Pagan nations, but the DEVIL ? A very few lines will inform the reader that the oracles ceased at the birth of Christ ; that when the ceremony of exorcism was performed upon a demoniac, *the spirit has confessed the Devils as the gods of antiquity* ; and that it was the universal belief of the primitive fathers, that the fallen angels were permitted to use their seducing arts upon mankind, and had assumed the names and attributes of the Heathen deities. Who will deny the PRIMITIVE FATHERS to be the standards of ORTHOLOX BELIEF ? Weighty arguments may be adduced (says Hugo Grotius) to prove that evil spirits were adored by the Pagans : the authority of

Milton strengthens this assertion : speaking
of the fallen angels, he says

————— “ the greatest part
“ Of mankind they corrupted, to forsake
“ God their creator—————
“ And DEVILS to adore for Deities.”

Again :

“ The chief were those who from the pit of Hell,
“ Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
“ Their seats long after next the seat of God,
“ Their altars next his altars—Gods ador’d
“ Among the nations round.”

AGAIN this divine author speaks of him
under the name of Moloch, in which cha-
racter the old gentleman is peculiarly inimical
to children :

“ First Moloch, horrid King! besmear’d with blood
“ Of human sacrifice, and parents’ tears,
“ Though from the noise of drums and timbrels loud,
“ Their childrens’ cries unheard, that pass’d through fire,
“ To his grim Idol!”

“ For

“ FOR his statue was of brass, the arms
 “ extended to receive the miserable victims
 “ which were to be consumed in the flames.”

AMONGST these deities we find Astarte named: now Astarte is supposed to have been the Diana of the Greeks and Romans: if we add to this the names as found in Milton of Isis and Osiris, with all “ the
 “ Ionian gods,” as we have just seen the institutors and patrons of flagellation, we may conclude as well from the authority of the primitive fathers, as of the Pagan writers, that flogging was invented solely by the malice of the Devil.

It needs no arguments, I believe, to convince the reader that the ancient monks were accustomed to flagellate themselves; nay, even now they continue to exercise this discipline. Rome is the chief seat of superstition: superstition is a fiend; and what protestant will attempt to deny that the absurdities of the monks, and amongst others,
 the

the practice of flagellation, was invented by the Devil?

FROM the earliest ages, we find every author proud of the work he has invented. Lucifer, we all know, is proud; and saints and monks concur in affirming that he was remarkably fond of exercising the rod. The names of St. Athanasius and Jerome will be sufficient to affirm that the Devil flogged the unhappy victims of his wrath; and this is at least as credible, as that the figure of a cross should secure the wearer from all calamities, as well spiritual as temporal; or that the Devil should tempt St. Anthony, in the shape of a beautiful young woman; or that that saint should *resist* the temptation! all which miracles the above-mentioned fathers have asserted: in short, examine what authorities you will, whether Heathen or Christian, you will find the same conclusion. Herodotus, Plutarch, Cicero, Seneca, Lucian, St. Athanasius, St. Jerome, and Hugo Grotius, all
concur

concur in assigning the origin of flagellation to the Devil.

WILL the reader deny, that whilst they were lashing their own backs, the Devil *was* in the monk? Will he doubt for one moment, that whilst they are lashing their scholars, the Devil *is* in the school-masters?

How virulently does Moses exclaim against idolatry and against idolaters! “Ye shall
 “destroy their altars, and break down their
 “images, and cut down their groves, and
 “burn their graven images with fire;” and
 again, “If thou do walk after other gods,
 “and serve them and worship them, I testify
 “against you this day, that ye shall surely
 “perish.” Thus pointedly does Moses express his detestation, and denounce the anger of the Deity against whosoever shall serve the Devil. Now, it is is utterly inconsistent with the character of a school-master, particularly with the ministers of the church of England, as most school-masters are, thus
 by

by making use of so beastly, and so idolatrous a custom, to follow the abominations of the children of Edom, and the children of Moab, and the Hittites, and the Shittites, and the Gergusites, and other idolaters, whose names alone remain an awful instance of divine justice.

THUS far, I believe, neither Mr. Thwackum, nor Mr. Thwackee, can deny that I have sufficiently proved the impiety and abomination of flogging. The arguments I have adduced, have been supported by holy writ, by Heathen historians, and by ecclesiastical testimony. Whoever attempts to deny this, whoever attempts to destroy the structure I have raised, must deny the divine authority of Moses, the veracity of Seneca, and the sacred testimony of St. Athanasius: let him therefore who is bold and impious enough to do this, let him, I say, be ANATHEMA.

It

It now remains to prove the absurdity of the practices; and a very few lines will be sufficient. Animated by a sense of fortitude, victims have been known even to expire beneath the rod, at the altar of Diana, without a groan. Now, will any one deny that a sense of shame is sufficient to restrain every tear? or that the contempt which so contumelious and impious a custom must inspire for the *executioner* (to use my correspondent's term) would not only prevent amendment, but even encourage idleness, when its only punishment is a few stripes?

Thus, after an open and candid examination, have I proved the practice of flogging to have originated with the Devil; and I defy the Devil himself to deny it! that it is a custom equally unprofitable and impious; and that it is *unfit to be practised in a Christian country*. Though the cry of "The church is in danger" has raised thousands in the streets of London, and spread conflagration
over

over the houses of the unfortunate Roman Catholics: though regard for the church led on the mob at Birmingham, to destroy the effects, and to seek the life of a man, whose philosophic researches *alone* had entitled him to respect and esteem, yet flogging still continues. Satan cannot be driven out of his strong hold: he has sheltered himself behind the unrelenting breasts of the disciplinarians; and in the pleasure of exercising the rod, the impiety is forgotten. We have rejected the absurd mythology of the Heathens; we have rejected the ruinous superstition of the monastic life; we have thrown off the yoke of Rome: but that ensign of despotic cruelty—that *sceptre of Satan*—that disgrace to Christianity—the rod, yet remains possessed of its former power! In this public manner, therefore, do I, Gualbertus, scourger of the follies of mankind, issue my sacred bull, hereby commanding all doctors, reverends, and plain masters, to cease, without delay,

delay or repining, from the beastly and idolatrous custom of flogging.

“WHOEVER will be saved, above all things, it is necessary that he should hold the Catholic faith. Now, the Catholic is this, there be three gods, and yet but one God.” Whoever denies this, cannot be orthodox, consequently cannot be fit to instruct youth. Now, since there is but one God, whosoever floggeth, that is, performeth the will of Satan, committeth an abomination: to him, therefore, to all the consumers of birch, as to the priests of Lucifer,

ANATHEMA. ANATHEMA.

GUALBERTUS.

1871

July 1st - Arrived at the office of the
Commissioner of the General Land Office
at Washington, D.C. and was
introduced to the various officials
connected with the land department.
The day was spent in getting
acquainted with the various
departments and the work
connected with them. The
Commissioner of the General
Land Office, Mr. [Name],
was very kind and gave me
a full and complete
description of the various
departments and the work
connected with them. The
day was very profitable and
I was able to get a full
and complete description of
the various departments and
the work connected with them.

Nº. VI.

THE
FLAGELLANT.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHORS,

AND SOLD BY

E. JEFFERY, PALL MALL.

M DCC XXIII.

ARABELLA TRUNNION shall be noticed.

CANDIDUS, CASSANDRA, and HUMANITAS,
are received.

LETTERS and Communications directed
(post-paid) *To St. Peter, at Mr. Jeffery's,*
Pall-mall, will be attended to.

THE FLAGELLANT.

Nº. VI.

THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1792.

ON Thursday last died brother Gualbertus, of a disorder in his pericranium, which shewed itself early in the morning, by strong delirious symptoms, and wandering language. Something very offensive issued from his head, which was opened, and the construction of the brain was too complex for the most refined professors to unravel.

Inhumanum verbum ultio est adulatio servile.

SENECA.

IT is difficult to say which of the two vices to which the greatest part of mankind are addicted, is most productive of evil ; whether the chilling blast of haughty contumely, or the pampering hand of servile flattery.

To degrade parts and learning, to obscure the lustre of every accomplishment, to pass an ill-natured reflection upon an undesigned action, and to plunder the name of innocence, are the characteristics of a disposition in which envy gives birth to cruelty, and blinds the eyes of reason. To be the echo of another man's sentiments, to assent to opinions, although the most absurd ; to praise characters, although the most infamous ; to countenance vices, although the most glaring, betrays a poverty and narrowness of soul, and a complication of meanness, which words
cannot

cannot aggravate, nor the warmth of fancy paint in too detestable colours. Impudence, petulance, disdain, cruelty, and rancour, all co-exist with contumely. Fear, hypocrisy, cunning, falshood, and self-love, are the constant attendants of flattery ; regard to truth is very little adhered to by either ; consequently there is no distinction between right and wrong ; every pernicious passion breathes with an air of virtue, and each good quality is converted into some species of vice. Contumely brands courage, liberality, lenity, and wisdom, with the names of temerity, and profusion, of weakness and gravity. Flattery garbs timidity, impudence, levity, and bashfulness, in the appearance of caution and confidence, of openness and modesty ; contumely aims its weapons at the illustrious and virtuous ; flattery lavishes its praises on the base and profligate ; contumely is a curb to virtue ; flattery is an incentive to vice ; contumely tacitly acknowledges its inferiority,

by detracting from the merit of others ; flattery points out the vice in its exaggerated applause ; contumely is proud, insolent, impetuous, and like a violent torrent, sweeps every thing before it ; flattery is low, servile, corrupt, and like the gently flowing stream, which, while it adds superior verdure to the grass, is secretly undermining the bank.

THERE are some of such impenetrable mould, as utterly regardless of the condition of their fellow creatures, as if they did not breathe the same air, and partake of the same nature ; there are others still worse, who exert their superior faculties in fomenting animosity and suspicion, who spread an illnatured report, without colour or grounds, but sufficient to destroy an innocent character, and poison the endearments of social life ; and perhaps, merely through wantonness, or to satiate the lust of envy : before the effects of accident are imputed to design, before the slightest failings are converted into the most glaring

glaring crimes, by wilful aggravation, let the too forward actions of the gentle, and the too hasty ones of the cautious, the indolence of the most active, the levity of the most reserved, and the imperfections of the most religious, be considered: that our defective performances cannot satisfy the demands of a perfect law, or a few virtuous acts expiate our innumerable offences; let them consider all this, before they examine the conduct of any man, by abstract principles, and narrow detail. No person's conduct will bear too nice a scrutiny; it must be taken in the gross, and viewed afar off; it is like one of those fine paintings, which, at a distance, sufficiently expresses nature and vivacity; but when too closely inspected, unavoidably exhibits some slight irregularity in its lines and colours. If the life of man is examined with the strictest enquiry, by every grain, by every atom, if scrutiny prys into it, if severity sifts it, if envy and calumny cull every,

the flightest fault, and inadvertencies, and if malicious industry tacks them together; the innocent will be trampled upon and overpowered, and the industrious disappointed; the most prudent must be circumvented, the most cautious must be entrapped, and the most exalted state of human nature must prove insufficient. A constant and unremitting obedience is not to be obtained by human prudence; consequently the lives of men, exposed to the snares and allurements of vice on the one hand, and to the invectives of scurrilous abuse on the other, must, through a series of increasing wickedness, have plunged into despair, had not the universal persuasives of candour and good nature frequently recalled those who had strayed from the paths of virtue, in search of false and seducing appearances, or by the impetuosity of juvenile ardour: let those who are deeply inflamed with this delusive itch for slander, for a few moments divest themselves of resentment, rancour,

rancour, and all corroding passions, upon reflection, they will find, that among men there is a mixture of good and evil, of excellencies and defects, of virtue and vice; that some are firm and cruel, others merciful and irresolute; that some are wise without virtue, others virtuous without wisdom; that some are strong without dexterity, others skilful without strength; they will also find that some, through peculiar education, and through some complexional defect, may have a very different idea of things, from what the judges of them have, and be subject to many failings they are exempt from; that others, for want of proper admonition, may lie open to many snares, and yet be innocent: but too many, I am afraid, void of pity, remorse, and such reflections, are, although sure of a defeat in the end, resolved to attack the most unexceptionable conduct. I figure in my mind, a war, desperate and powerful—a war of the passions; I seem to behold the forces
ranged

ranged on both sides; here regard to virtue opposes insensibility of shame, innocence guilt, resolution rage, dignity meanness; here humility, candour, friendship, equity, and truth, present themselves to my view, triumphing over pride, over rancour, over hatred, over injustice, over falsehood: from hence I am assured, that a man, whom neither corruption nor threats has ever warped, in point of integrity and honour, has the testimony of his conscience, and a noble intrepid assurance (resulting from greatness of soul) sufficient to support his courage, and defeat every malicious attack. If, therefore, the sense of duty, and the call of justice be insufficient, what more immediately affects their own interest may be of weight. By wholesome admonitions and seasonable reproofs they may calm the passionate, soften the fierce, bend the obstinate, disarm the desperate, and command universal respect; whereas, by reproaches, harshness and slander;

der ; by caustic raillery, and petulant invective, they alienate a friend, they provoke an enemy, and strengthen that power they have been endeavouring to destroy.

So far I have proved the futility of contumely. I will now endeavour to shew how ill flattery succeeds, when it makes its attempts on a mind which knows its mischiefs. I am afraid the artful appearance of virtue has deceived many, and has sometimes met with unmerited praise ; but where the rules of right are adhered to without deviation, where regard to truth supercedes all other considerations, very little penetration may separate the solid from the specious, and the real from the artificial. When, therefore, false applause has been too hastily bestowed, it ought to be retracted, lest the distinction of good and evil should perish, lest garlands should deck the brow of the vicious, and lest others should expect the like distinctions by walking in their footsteps ; let those who are

hackneyed

hackneyed in deceit, who have prostituted their mind, regardless of principle, of sentiment, and of virtue, ingredients the most essential to constitute human dignity and felicity)—let them, I say, drudge in the more vulgar and illiberal walks of life. That darkness of mind, where no genuine effusion of affection ever glows; those oily expressions and studied smoothness of manners, tending to inflame vice only; those foldings of art, subsidiary to mean lucrative views, are the prognostics of future infamy and disgrace. When youth shakes off the shackles of discipline, and novelty spreads a sunshine over the opening prospect, such a pernicious enemy should be shunned like a pestilential infection; in this case flight ensures certain victory, fear shews the firmest courage, suspicion the truest generosity. A flatterer's happiness is momentary; he has no firm foundation on which to ground his welfare; because he is perhaps subservient to the will
of

of a wretch, poor and despicable like himself. A greatness of mind, conscious of its own superiority, so far from courting, would reproach itself with such fulsome applauses. The timorous are always willing to receive praise, without partaking of the danger ; and the indolent to reap a full harvest, without cultivating the land. I admit, that punctilious observances and submissive compliances ; that insinuations, artificial courtesy, and the adoption of the opinions and sentiments of another man, may deceive such as these : nay, further, that they sometimes gain a temporary admission into some unguarded avenue of the best poised mind : but shortly reason assumes its power, while reflection exerts itself ; impartiality presides as judge, while conscience acknowledges its undeservedness.

I SHALL conclude with advising the calumniator to prefer justness of argument to petulant invective, also to remember, that to charge and to prove are very different ;
that

that accusations without the confirmation of facts reflect disgrace on the character of him alone who utters them ; that society meliorates the heart, expands the imagination, and invigorates the understanding ; that whatever relates to amity, tenderness, friendship and happiness ; that whatever can curb vice, or animate virtue, or sooth the burdens of life, springs from this inestimable blessing ; that the most considerable principle of society is, that no man is entitled to propagate an ill-grounded report, or to look with too severe an eye on an injurious truth ; that when this principle is violated, man lives in a state of hostility with man. Let the flatterer also remember, that where dignity, magnanimity and all other manly virtues flourish, he is excluded ; that truth and time will baffle all deception, and that a lasting name must be stamped by unanimity and the general concurrence of mankind.

VERITAS.

Nº. VII.

LETTERS AND CORRESPONDENCE
(post-paid) To St. Peter's, Rome.
PUBLISHED BY
THE
FLAGELLANT.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHORS;

AND SOLD BY

E. JEFFERY, PALL MALL.

M. DCC. XCII.

LETTERS and Communications directed
(post-paid) *To St. Peter, at Mr. Jeffery's,*
Pall-mall, will be attended to.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. is under consideration.

WE shall be happy to receive the favours
of ANTIMASTIX on any other subject.

[III]

THE FLAGELLANT.

Nº. VII.

THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1792.

————— He to the forest sped,
Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head,
Or where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam
Shot from the western cliff releas'd the weary team.

BEATTIE'S MINSTREL.

LET the silver laden altar and the high
chaunted mass—let the purple robe of the
priest and the smoking incense of the censer,
give delight to those minds who seek their
G 2 religion

religion in forms, and wonder they cannot discover its lights, while they croud it with incumbrances; far more adapted to the simple idea of the Deity, is the view of the nightly hemisphere, the unbounded prospect of the ocean, or the contemplation of those natural beauties, which improve the ideas and amend the heart.

IMPRESSED with the truth of these reflections, St. Basil left the monastery to enjoy the calm serenity of the falling evening.

THE clouds that hovered in the air, tinged with the purple splendor of the setting sun, were just sufficient to variegate the face of the sky, without casting a gloom around: the approach of autumn had impressed the leaves with that beautiful variety of hues, which, whilst it adds so greatly to the beauty of the scene, brings the melancholy reflection, that Winter must ere long extend his ruthless sway around: the mountains partly covered with the many-coloured forests,

And

And here and there a solitary tree,
 Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine
 crown'd;

the river, which winding among the mountains now appeared reflecting the woods that hung over its current, now was lost amidst the bordering rocks, and anon burst upon the view, gave to the scene every variety, every object, which could enchant the eye or sooth the soul. A train of reflections imperceptibly occupied my mind. I was proceeding in a reverie, when the shrill barking of a dog awakened my attention; it was a sound I had not heard since I settled at the monastery: upon looking round, I perceived a spaniel hastening towards the rock that hung over the river: I accordingly bent my course thitherwards; soon was I surprised by the melodious notes of a flute, whose melancholy sound reverberating from rock to rock, rung in repeated vibrations through the air; it was followed by a voice harmo-

nious as the warmest imagination can fancy. Motionless with admiration, I remained for some time listening to the unseen musician : the tales of Romance seemed realized, and I could have believed the harmony

Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.

At length it ceased, and I quickened my steps towards the spot from whence the sound appeared to have proceeded ; after winding amongst the rocks near the summit, I perceived a cave, whose entrance was overcanopied by the spreading ivy that there flourished unmolested. Just at the mouth, a youth was reclining upon his arm, he appeared absorbed in reflection, and as I approached, I could easily distinguish the tear that stole gently down his cheek—his flute lay by him—there was a something so pensive in his manner, and an air of such fixed dejection in his countenance, that I felt an
irresistible

irresistible desire of knowing the cause of his misfortunes. I was proceeding, when the spaniel that I had before observed came fawning towards his master, and by his mute caresses interrupted him in the midst of his melancholy reflections. He perceived me advancing, and starting from his seat, rushed into the wood. In vain did I attempt to follow, for amidst the pathless intricacies of the forest, it was impossible to distinguish any tract. The cave therefore I sought; and a spot more romantic, or more wildly beautiful, it is not in the power of fancy to conceive. Three small cells, each obliquely above the other, are all covered by the same unshapen roof; the ivy mantled over its sides, and the busy hum of the bee just broke the solemn stillness that slept around. Below ran the river, and the opposite hills were covered with woods that waved slow to the evening breeze. The rays of the setting sun shone with dying splendor upon the distant

mountains that bounded the prospect, and faded into sky.

I WAS so taken up with admiring the scene around, that it was some time before I perceived a paper lying upon the ground, which upon examination contained the very lines I had heard the youth singing. Upon my return I recounted my adventure to St. Peter, for St. Pardulph was as deep in study, as Gualbertus in sleep. St. Peter, however, approved the verses so well, that he resolved to give them to the world; in obedience to his will, therefore, receive the following ode.

BASIL.

WHERE rugged rocks, in fullen pride,
 O'erlook the placid stream,
 Upon the woods that crown its side,
 Whilst Phœbus' dying splendors gleam,
 I sit, and mark the sparkling of the oars,
 Whilst the hoarse sound reverberate the shores.
 O'er

O'er my head

A solemn canopy the rude rocks spread.

Here, in this awful solemn state,

I mock the grandeur of the great :

In vain around me Phœbus darts his rays,

Secure in shade I pour the wild enraptur'd
lays.

What hinders now,

That from the brow,

Whence these high rocks terrific frown,

Tir'd of the world, I rush impetuous down ?

No lofty barrier now is here ;

No pitying-inhuman hand

My death-fraught purpose can withstand,

Nor know I now to fear.

One leap, 'tis o'er,

And on the shore—

The shore of immortality I stand !

Goddeſs of the chearful brow,

Thou alone canſt hold me now ;

Fair

Fair Hope ! who from yon beaming cloud
Unveils her blooming head, and cries aloud,

Fond despairing mortal stay ;
Leave not thus the realms of day.
Child of Mis'ry and of Care,
Cast away the fiend Despair.
What tho' now the Sisters spread
The fable texture round thy head,
Tho' dark and gloomy be thy present doom,
Whiter the thread perchance that spins the
days to come.

Upon yon river cast thine eye,
Mark the stream that now runs low ;
Morning comes—the stream is high.
Mark the skies with splendor glow ;
Anon the rough winds rush across the plain,
And see the clouds deform'd preface ap-
proaching rain.

Why

Why then, impetuous thus prevent thy fate ?
 Ere long thy woes will find their date.
 Despair, accursed monster ! hide thy head—
 Thou fiend in realms Tartarean bred !
 Son of Sorrow and of Sin,
 Here access thou shalt not win :
 To thy native realms below,
 Fiend accursed, haste to go.

Mark, O youth, the prospect round ;
 Mark the flower-enamelled ground ;
 Mark the hanging woods in air ;
 Mark the bright tints reflected from the solar
 glare—

The yellow and the paler green
 In intermingling hues are seen ;
 The deeper brown's majestic shade
 Casts a dark solemn gloom throughout the
 glade ;

Mark too the spot on which you rest,
 And muse upon the sorrows of your breast.

Mark

Mark the rude rock's unshapen side,
The mantling ivy o'er its brow ;

Mark the rolling of the tide.
Youth, where are thy sorrows now ?
Vanish'd into yielding air,
Vanish'd with the fiend Despair.

Mark where yon distant mountain rears its
head,

Upon its top the hovering clouds are spread ;
Scarce visible thro' all th' expanse of sky,
It bounds the prospect on the aching eye.

Here Nature, with benignant hand,
Spreads her blessings o'er the land ;
Here, in this reclusè retreat,
Fancy loves to take her seat,
With flowing vest and unbound hair,
Which wanton in the breath of air ;
Her breast expos'd to catch the wind,
She sits, and views the scene with wild ro-
mantic mind :

Beholds

Beholds the vessel, with majestic sway,
 Thro' the waters force its way,
 Now hears the foaming of the indignant
 stream,
 Now marks the oars with liquid radiance
 gleam,

And Contemplation, void of fear,
 Loves alone to wander here,
 Approaches now her solemn hour,
 Youth, may'st thou perceive her pow'r ;
 She shall calm thy woes to rest,
 And make religious Peace an inmate of thy
 breast.

So spake the radiant form, and veil'd her
 head,
 Whilst from my eager eyes the vision fled,
 The moon resumes her nightly sway,
 And I, with pensive step, slow homeward
 bend my way.

It

It may happen that we shall be able to give
 some further account of the youth, who
 left these verses in his hasty retreat.

Nº. VIII.

THE
FLAGELLANT.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHORS,
AND SOLD BY
B. JEFFERY, PALL MALL.
M DCC XCII.

NO. 111

FRAGMENTS

LETTERS and Communications directed
(post-paid) *To St. Peter, at Mr. Jeffery's,*
Pall-mall, will be attended to.

NO. 111

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR

BY J. JEFFERY

AT THE SIGN OF THE

KEY

THE FLAGELLANT.

Nº. VIII.

THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1792.

Non eadem est mens non ætas. HOR.

I HAVE often been amused with the different senses which different circumstances give to words, Beautiful, Pleasant, Sweet; all depend on circumstances. In the last century the beau was a composition of buckram and billet doux, his taste was displayed in the folds of his doublet, the shortness of his skirts, and the geometrical squareness of his shoes: he recommended himself to the notice of the

fair sex by the most obsequious attention to them; and, though his head might be as light as the feather in his hat, yet his heart either was, or seemed to be, possessed by no other object.

IN the present age we should be as much surprized to see a gentleman of this cut as they would have been shocked with the prospect of one of ours. What comes up to modern ideas of the beautiful is a wrapping coat, a falling collar, and an envelope about the neck, which bids defiance to modesty and comfort: the doublet of Charles's reign is changed for the straight tight leathers, which expose both grace and deformity; the obedient anticipation of a lady's wishes is turned into a total disregard of them; even our print shops exhibit a youth with his back to the fire unnoticing the shivering attitude of a female. Yet it is extraordinary that all this neglect does not all lessen the good opinion entertained of the modern beau. It was formerly necessary
to

to fence, to dance, and to ride the great horse, in order to attain a noble air and fine presence; the stable, to be sure, is still frequented as the school for elegance, and a round-shouldered flouch takes place of that erect body which was one of the distinctions between the master and the servant. The carte and tierce is obliged to give way to the stops and dead blows of the professors of modern defence; and a quarrel is now made more for the purpose of exhibiting a long arm and Gladiator-like muscles, than it used to be to shew a neat turn of the wrist, or quick thrust *en seconde*.

THE refined beau of the seventh^{ten} century breathed forth his passion in acrostics; a hatchet, an altar, or an egg, were the types of the sharpness, the warmth, and the abundance of his *dolce amore*. Alas! our modern fine gentleman has scarcely a command of language to tell, or knowledge sufficient to write of, his flame; but, in a most easy and

undisturbed apathy, expects to be courted for the graces of his person, and is equally indifferent about the good opinion and beautiful forms of the fair negligèes.

IN the days of our fathers and grandfathers the mansion and furniture were all executed in the most expensive manner ; the fire-places were crouded with River Gods : one would suspect the chairs and tables of running away on their lions and griffins feet, was it not for the prodigious weight of them ; no candle could be supported but in the monstrous mouth of some animal conceived in the heat-oppressed brain ; the cool summer parlour was ornamented with crimson sun flowers, in full bloom, on a rich flock paper. The ponderous cornice was supported by the most highly finished fruit and flowers that one would conceive must have been squeezed flat by the pressure ; the lighter ornaments, as frames of pictures and glasses, were composed of roses and cockle shells ; the lines

were

were all short and alternately bent to the within and outside of what they were intended to adorn; a cascade rushed in golden impetuosity from the top of every mirror, whose magnitude was supported by the point at bottom formed by the last cadence of the water-fall.

At present our houses and their inhabitants tremble equally at every high wind; the summit of beauty is to have every part of the furniture of such excessive lightness that a corpulent gentleman, or a full dressed lady, is in danger of puffing them down by the current of air occasioned in their passage by them. Mr. Deputy ——— must be painted in Grecian armour, his good lady must appear with flowing hair, a brilliant zone, and (with all due deference to Grecian models be it spoken) her drapery must not conceal any part of her form, but hang as lank as a wet blanket. The judicious hand of the modern sculptor mixes the snow-drop,

ears of wheat and the summer flowers in the same urn, and binds the simplest articles of furniture in an elegant and light wreath of laurel, because that emblem is embossed on the tripods and other works of the ancients.

I HAVE even heard that some will not condescend to touch any utensil, however vile, that is not made after the true Grecian fashion; and one connoisseur has declared, in my presence, that the discovery of Herculaneum is of far greater utility than ever the longitude will be.

IN poetry we see the same variety at various periods; at one time the uncouth rhimes and irregular metres of the British Solomon enchanted the auricular nerves of every discerning court critic; the natural ease of our language was rejected, and a taste prevailed in literature as absurd and corrupt as in the edifices and ornaments of that and a later age.

AT another time the sublime and beautiful
was

was included in a budget of whining love elegies; and the author of a Crambo Dictionary was esteemed as the greatest and truest favorite of the Nine Sisters; while the ready poetaster, who could fill up the rhiming words of each couplet, was surpassed by none but the immortal and laborious jingler. *Swain, pain; love, dove; eyes, despise; scorn, morn;* and such ingenious clauses, were inserted in the pocket books and employed the *thoughts* of each petit maitre in the kingdom.

If we look into the metropolis we shall see the ladies dying with fatigue, while the pale faces of such as have courage to shew *pale* faces demonstrate the effects of SOCIETY; the same dull countenances, the same scandalous stories, the same silly things, and the same silly fellows to say them, wear out the patience of our belles, who are doomed to bear up against the tedium for six or seven months; at the end of which they sigh for green fields, fresh air, and a little rest; the
ravishing

ravishing voices of Italy, the morning exercise of visiting one's *friends*, and the crowded rout of Pall Mall, are *gratâ vice* exchanged for the native notes of the nightingale, a drive to the neighbouring village, and a snug game at whist with the vicar ; the late hour of the gaming table is occupied by sleep, and that part of the day is employed in domestic entertainments, which is in town given up to broken slumbers and recumbent meals.

THE simple daughter of the country gentleman, when she hears the delights of town and the charms of society, from the annual emigrants, sickens at the repeated prospects ; pastoral pleasures have no endearments for her ; she peruses the splendid pictures of gay life in the pages of the novellist, she pants for the theatre, for the opera, and the circulating microcosm of noise. The names of Sir Harry, my Lord, and the Countess, that glitter through the tale, fill her mind with ideas of more than mortal elegance ; she is

more

more gratified at the sight of the brilliant ear-rings than the sparkling rill; the enamelled meadows, the blushing roses, are not so fair in their productions, and lively in their colours, as the unfading beauties of the millener's shop, and the wreaths of coloured paper in a gauze cap.

THE following letters have come to me so apropos, and, as they exhibit how very different a face things wear, according to contingent circumstances, I cannot refrain from inserting them.

“ DEAR ST. PETER.

“ I HAVE lived five and twenty
 “ years in the world and cannot discover any
 “ thing new; do set your wits to work for
 “ some amusement to fill up our vacant mi-
 “ nutes, for the common topics of fashion
 “ are so discussed that it requires the greatest
 “ fortitude to support the ennui of them; do
 “ contrive some little book for the assistance
 “ of

“ of those that have no conversation of their
“ own, and you will oblige

“ Your constant reader,

“ BELINDA.

“ PS. I intend, for novelty, to attend the
“ silent meetings of the Quakers.”

“ HOLY PETER,

“ SEEING your paper lies on
“ our table about a week ago, I thought it a
“ proper opportunity of addressing you, and
“ laying a true account of my misfortunes
“ before your sanctified society. Under the
“ guardianship of an æconomical father and
“ an old uncle am I situated, who are so
“ tenacious of me that I am not suffered to
“ be one moment out of their sight. If I
“ walk out even in the day-time, my father
“ and

“ and uncle are always sure to attend me,
 “ lest somebody should be in wait to run
 “ away with me, for I am to possess an im-
 “ mense fortune after my father’s death. It
 “ would move thy risible muscles, St. Peter,
 “ to see in what order we march : my father
 “ walks before me with a huge oaken stick,
 “ my uncle follows with his trusty compa-
 “ nion ; nor would you think I was walking
 “ for pleasure, but attended by two consta-
 “ bles, on my way to Bridewell. Sometimes
 “ I am indulged with a ride, yet still my
 “ misery is the same ; and though I should
 “ wish even to converse with the groom, yet
 “ it would be utterly impossible ; for Noodle
 “ and Doodle (those are the titles they have
 “ gained by their eccentricities) keep their
 “ situations just as abovementioned. I am
 “ doomed, like the sleeping beauty, to reside
 “ in an old country seat, which was built in
 “ the reign of Henry VIII. and is another
 “ source of woe to me. Instead of passing
 “ the

“ the time in sailing on a pleasant river,
 “ which flows through our garden, I am
 “ forced to amuse my father in an old gal-
 “ lery, hung round with moth-eaten ances-
 “ tors, by giving a full account of the me-
 “ morable feats of Edgar Trunnion, the first
 “ of our name and family, who fought in
 “ William the Conqueror’s army, and slew
 “ seven swordsmen with an immense battle-
 “ ax, which is hung up as a record of this
 “ worthy gentleman’s strength and activity.
 “ Then I am desired to celebrate the good
 “ housewifery of my great grandmother,
 “ Dorothy Trunnion, who preserved one
 “ thousand three hundred jars of sweetmeats
 “ in seven years, and discovered a new me-
 “ thod of pickling cucumbers. This is my
 “ situation! Do you not feel for my dis-
 “ tresses, St. Peter? Is it not cruel that a
 “ young girl should be debarred from all the
 “ fashionable pleasures of the age? Do re-
 “ primand my father and uncle for their
 “ unjust

“ unjust treatment of me, and point out to
“ them a better and more agreeable mode of
“ educating their children, and you will con-
“ fer an everlasting obligation on

“ Your constant admirer,

“ ARABELLA TRUNNION.”

of the treatment of the same, and out to
"from a better and more agreeable model
"of the same, and the same
"in the following obligation on

"The same shall be

"MARTIN L. THURMOND"

Nº. IX.

THE
FLAGELLANT.

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THE GELFANT

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IN THE STRAND

1794

THE FLAGELLANT.

Nº. IX.

THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1792.

How these antique towers
And vacant courts chill the suspended soul,
Till Expectation wears the cast of Fear,
And Fear, half ready to become Devotion,
Mumbles a kind of mental orison,
It knows not wherefore.

MYSTERIOUS MOTHER.

THE guilty wretch, whose conscience,
smothered by repeated crimes, hesitates not
at the greatest, will yet shrink from him-
self when the whole world is enveloped
I in

in darkness, and he can no longer fix his attention upon the passing object; the church-yard gloom assails his imagination with more terror than the pressing point of the sword. Even the man unstained with guilt, and free from the pangs of remorse, perceives a dread, mingled with pleasure, overspread his soul, when traversing the lonely ruins of the once stately pile, or passing with a solitary step, under the yew-tree shade. The melancholy retrospect of the days, when the now desolated abbey was the seat as well of hospitality as of rigor, and the reflection that its former inhabitants are now, with all their vices, all their virtues, sunk into one mass of dust, undistinguished from the soil that contains them, fill the spectator with a train of mournful ideas, till he

Mumbles a kind of mental orison,

He knows not wherefore.

There

There is something in the very thought of death, at which humanity recoils, and a more than common strength of mind is requisite to look forward to that awful yet certain period, with any degree of composure. It is hardly to be wondered at, that the sight of an object which strikes with such full conviction of our own transitory state, should appal the guilty, and even cast a pensive shade over the most innocent. Every stone that presents the name of the dead, every heaving turf, and every blade of grass that waves over the tomb, impress more and more forcibly on the mind, "that all we act and all we think, is vain"—dreadful indeed is the sound of death to the guilty; ten thousand horrid visions ride upon every blast, whilst imagination and a distempered conscience convert every tree, every shrub, into

Gorgons and Hydra's and Chimæra's dire.

Tell the senate that thou hast seen Caius Marius sitting amongst the ruins of Carthage—can words more forcibly express the mournful idea? Those ruins are no more: the traveller beholds only the half demolished stone, and passes by unsatisfied.

—— gentes Mars iste futuras
 Obruet, & populos ævi venientis in orbem
 Erepto natalē foret—tunc omne Latinum
 Fabula nomen erit—Gabios, Veiosq; Coramq;
 Pulvere vix tectæ poterunt monstrare ruinæ—
 Albanosq; lares Laurentinosque penates
 Rus vacuum quod non habitet nisi nocte coacta
 Invitus.

LUCAN.

Nations to come shall War's destructive rage
 At once destroy, at once shall check the birth
 Of babes unborn—then Latium's mournful
 name

Shall “ point the moral and adorn the tale”—

Scarce

Scarce shall the mould'ring ruins leave on^e
trace

Where Vei rear'd its head—the Alban domes,
The hearths Laurentine hospitable now
Then but the solitary field—where scarce
The traveller tempest torn shall hide his head.

Such was the prediction of Lucan—a prediction, as Addison observes, but too well accomplished! Italy, once the seat of power, of plenty, of commerce, and of science, now subjected to the dominion of a lazy priest, is sunk into insignificance. Yet Rome, ruined as it is, even now affords an inexhaustible fund of amusement, and of recreation to the *contemplative traveller*. Some, to enjoy the melancholy pleasure of beholding the mouldering porch, and of sitting the only spectator in the empty theatre, hasten to those ruins, which still make the fallen mistress of the world venerable.

The modest countryman, whose ideas of antiquity reach no higher than the tale he has heard in his infancy, gratifies the same moody vein, by resorting to the fading objects of the church-yard, when the moonbeams glimmer amongst the trees, and the stillness of the atmosphere is rendered more striking by the periodical interruptions in the noise of the distant village. The ignorance of the object encreases the idea of it. Rome, situated beyond the boundary of common access, offers more fruit, in expectation, to the contemplative eye of the traveller, than the familiar and frequent view of the common receptacle of mortality ; so stories, in which any thing of the marvellous is interspersed, and when aided by all the force of fiction, will fasten so deeply on the memory, that neither the advance of age, which obliterates all our other puerile avocations, nor all the strength of reason and inclination combined, are sufficient to erase the deep impression.

The

The tree, whose young side displays the rude memorial of the peasant, still when it has attained its full growth, retains the increasing mark ; the winds may roll over it—the winter may despoil it of its leaves ; but the rustic sculpture ends only with its existence ; thus do these tales of superstition remain amidst all the vexations and revolutions of fortune. Amidst the noisy employments of youth, and the mature reflections of manhood, the mind still with fondness looks back to its youthful prejudices ; and the dominion of superstition is established as early as the dawn of sense. Would we enquire why it takes such hold upon the imagination ?—we must first examine the history of the human mind.

After the deluge, in proportion as their numbers increased, the sons of Noah dispersed themselves over the neighbouring countries ; gradually did they proceed to people the more distant regions ; and as they wandered far-

ther from the original feat of their forefathers, the traces of their manners, and of their religion, imperceptibly wore away. The use of letters was unknown; and the sublime notion of one supreme Deity, although some slight tradition might have still remained, was too vast for their uncultivated and simple minds, and they degenerated into Polytheism.

When the rude American hears the thunder roll above his head, he dreads the *dæmon* of the storm—Ignorance, unequal to the conception of Almighty Ubiquity, naturally fancies a race of inferior beings, who inhabit the sun, the stars, and the elements. Tradition has preserved the memory of an evil angel; to this source, may the Grecian Titans, the Persian Ahriman, and the Scandinavian Lok, be traced. The Caledonians imagined a spirit rode upon every blast that swept over their lonely hills; but are we to wonder, when even in more enlightened days, the belief that tempests, storms, and pestilence, are permitted
by

by the Creator of mankind, to wreak his vengeance, is so common ?

The religion of our Gothic progenitors was remarkably replete with inferior agents : according to their mythology, every part of the world was inhabited by supernatural beings—within their sacred groves all was holy.

Si qua fidem meruit superos mirata vetustas
 Illis & volucres metuunt insistere ramis
 Et lustris recubare feræ—nec ventus in illas
 Incubuit silvas—excussa; nubibus atris
 Fulgura—non ullis frondem præbentibus auris
 Arboribus fuus horror inest.
 Ipse situs putriq; facit jam robore pallor
 Attonitos—non vulgatis sacrata figuris
 Numina sic metuunt—tantum terroribus addit
 Quos timeant non nosse Deos.

Upon these sacred boughs (if ought of faith
 Devout Tradition merits) fear the birds

To

To check their flight—nor there the prowling
beast

Dare chuse his haunt—sleeps every wind ap-
pall'd,

Nor moves the wood, whence ever and anon
Portentous light'nings flash—in dreary sway
Fell horror triumphs o'er the leafless grove—
The very spot and stench that breathes around
Strike with dismay—they dread no sculptured
form—

Such wild conjectures Fancy forms in fear
Of Gods she knows not.

The beauty of this quotation will, I hope,
apologize for the length of it.

Slowly were the Saxons weaned from their
ancient religion; and the policy of the first
missionaries, who as much as possible en-
deavoured to conform the Christian doctrines
to their ancient manners, contributed to
strengthen their already powerful prejudices.
An equal share of superstition, and a greater
one of mystery, characterised the Druidical
tenets.

tenets. The northern conquerors of this country intermingled, in process of time, with the original inhabitants; and the similarity of their superstitious notions, rendered them more powerful—Christianity mitigated their barbarity, but could not lessen their influence.

When thousands of fanatics poured forth into Palestine, the wealth and valor of Europe were diverted into that channel, from whence they never returned. The knowledge which the Crusaders acquired of their Arabian foes, was little but romance, and returned with the few who revisited their native climes. Ever fond of miracle, the populace listened with avidity to the wonderful relations; and the sanctity of Palestine was sufficient to vouch for any tale, however absurd.

To the wonders which we find recorded by Pagan writers, the Christians yield a ready assent, compounded by ascribing them to the devil. The dominion of superstition over the
human

human mind, was thus confirmed: the legends, filled with indecency, absurdity, and impiety, as they are, were whilst the papal power was obeyed, implicitly believed. To deny the fable of the Seven Sleepers, was heresy. It was dangerous to express a doubt, that the peaceful fisherman of the lake of Gennefereth, St. James, did not actually charge at the head of the Spanish cavalry, against the Moors. The Escorial was formed into the shape of a gridiron, because St. Laurence had the misfortune to be broiled; and the sceptic ran the risk of experiencing the same punishment, if he did not believe that that saint, when he felt one side done, very complaisantly desired his cook to turn him.

The belief in fairies and genii, gradually gained ground—the church yielded assent—even after philosophy had dispersed the clouds in which Rome had enveloped England, the absurd superstition of the pedant James is well known, and the ideas of a superior, however

however ridiculous, must become fashionable. Even now, the law for burning witches is unrepealed; and though the political maxims of the Stuart family lost their influence with them, the belief that evil spirits are subservient to magic, still prevails: when a late "great and good man" could sit up during a whole night, to hear the Cock-lane ghost scratch, astonishment at the weakness of the ignorant and uninformed will cease.

History, which ought to penetrate into the secret cause of every transaction, till within a few years, was employed in handing down an unmeaning catalogue of wonders. A boy and girl, clothed in green, appeared suddenly in England; they spoke an unknown language; but even when sufficiently acquainted with the English tongue, were equally ignorant as the spectators, how they came there. The devil ran away with half a church and congregation! At another time he amused himself with looking over the city of Lincoln.

coln. A hill, with trees, meadows, &c. took a walk every morning during the space of a week. These stories, absurd as they may well appear, crowd the pages of Sir Richard Baker, an author, whose authority is still looked upon as sacred by the rustics, who delight in wonders, and think they must be true, when mingled with historic truths.

An anecdote, which demonstrates how often a combination of circumstances may appear, to prove the reality of supernatural appearances, shall conclude this paper.

A gentleman, residing in a village near the sea, was returning home late at night : the way led through the church-yard ; and all was still as the grave, save when the silence was interrupted by the rising wind, or the hollow sound of his own foot-steps. As he proceeded, he observed at a distance, the figure of a man rise from a grave, a light, which glowed around, distinctly manifested it ; after a few moments it sunk into the grave. The
time

time, the place, the circumstances, would have terrified a mind possessed of only common resolution. Again the form appeared—again it vanished. He summoned up all his fortitude, and advanced to the spot, when, behold, the formidable spectre was only a fisherman, searching for worms, in a new-dug grave, with a lanthorn.

BASIL.

WHEN this work was first undertaken, we acknowledged that amusement and instruction were our only objects : our intention was not gain. We sat out full of sanguine expectations, and carried our hopes to one day seeing it respectable in its size. From a variety of circumstances, our amusement has become irksome, and the instruction we sought for, labor. Thus situated, little remains, but to withdraw from notice, what
has

has not succeeded. We have to apologize to the public for intrusion, with a declaration, that offence to them has never been meant; we therefore may presume to hope they will spare those strictures we never intended to merit. A numerous train of correspondents are intitled to our warmest acknowledgments; and we much lament that the shortness of the Flagellant's duration, denies us the power of shewing how much we have been honoured by them. Of them, of the public, and of our friends, we take leave, and do not scruple to say, with how great regret. We do not ask for praise, and simply beg they will be kind to errors, of which, where they have arisen, the head, and not the heart, has been the source. Thus then, for the last time, must we write ourselves,

PETER.

BASIL.

PARDULPH.